## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* DEMAIN'S RIDE

BY MAUDE HOWARD PETERSEN.

That summer a change came over the

straighter than ever; privates saluted

more promptly, and the officer's swords

and buttons shone until they fairly

gleamed at guard-mount. It came about

this way: The colonel of the Eleventh-

a grey-haired, fatherly old bachelor, who

regarded all men over forty as "boys,"

and under forty as "youngaters" -- was or-

dered East by the authorities at Wash

ington, and great was the digust thereat

The welcome of the new commander-

even coming, as he did, from a branch of

the Eleventh-did not promise to be a

very cordial one; but on his arrival the

men actually and unblushingly capitu-

tated for he brought with him z keen

wit a large stock of common sense, a

Her devotion to her father had brought

her out to the Northwest, and she turned

the small, uncomfortable headquarters

into a veritable land of Beulah to the

men who had been denied comfort and

culture for so long. Pictures and easy-

as MacIntosh confided to Carrington, "not

any of your old corncoh husks," found

chairs and "really truly" down cushions

their way out from civilization, and when

finally, a small upright piano was hauled

railway Johnson actually sobbed with joy.

Of course the combination of girl and

house can better be imagined than de-

scribed. Headquarters became the offi-

To the queen who presided over this

bit of earthly heaven, poured afternoon

tea so delightfully, and sat in her dead

mother's place at table, the men of the

Eleventh, from her adoring pater to

Jim, the colored boy, paid homage, mixed

with reverence. True, there was Mrs. Birckhead, wife of Captain Birckhead,

tongue that caused the officers to avoid

her as they would the plague, and Mrs.

Brown, wife of the lieutenant, a pale

sweet-faced little woman, with a lame

back, and Mrs. Field, spouse of the sec-

ond Heutenaut, who was nearly always

absent on a "visit" home to Arkansas,

not to mention Mrs. McGuire, who was

undoubtedly a host in herself, and a half

dozen of her compeers, but whom army

these were hardly to be classed with Miss

Elizabeth Dabney Fairfax, daughter of

She was of the Juno type, tall and dark,

and seemingly cold to all save her father

and to gentle little Mrs. Brown. She

rode her Kentucky thoroughbred like an

prome indifference as to the admiring

There was no doubt of it; Carrington

once to a woman in all his life. Mother,

friends were lost sight of: Demain, little

He used to see her, sometimes, when

he passed that way on horneback, but he

colonel's daughter wondered what the

TII.

The fortress had capitulated. The siege

"Now that Miss Fairfax has come and

plan messenger, known in common par-

"Tell all the confounded rot you please

about yourself, you great, vain turkey

"As I was about to say," went on John-

son placidly, as though nothing had oc-

curred, "now that Miss Fairfax's affec-

worthless, pig-headed, and persevering

brother in arms, the post s principal

source of excitement has been done away

our former state of apathy." After which

"I don't know about that, Johnson,"

cigar with an air of great concern.

cock, but spare the rest of us, I beg."

rupted him with:

Here.

Demain, was forgotten.

"Demain "

the privates cast longing eyes.

distance of ten miles from the nearest

kindly smile, and-his daughter.

Sentries, if possible, walked

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I sing the hymn of the conquered, who pkin her name was Bebe, to the men of the Eleventh she was always Demain. fell in the battle of life The hymn of the wounded and beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife.

-W. W. Story.

The officers of the Eleventh sat in the mess hall. Dinner was over and the chairs had been pushed back from the table. The scent of Havanas was in the air. "Dond stupid hole, this," drawled Brin-

ing between puffs; "even that rumor about the Sloux uprising seems to have gone up in smoke long ago. After being here two weeks, one forgets how to live,

"That's straight," said another officer. "Now, at Portress Monroe"-he tipped back his chair and there was a plaintive reminiscent note in his voice-"now, at Fortress Monroe we had a snap. Hops every night at the Hyggia"-here the other men groaned and moved their feet restlessly-"midnight suppers galore-rea dandles, too: lobster a la Newburgh and pate de foie gras and ice creams, all hues. and old Virginia eng-nog and mint julepand champagne cold as blazes, and"-he paused and there was a sympathetic sigh and pretty girls," he added, "shonis of them; and piazzas and palms and moonlight, and and all the rest of it," he

wound up lamely. Some of them men laughed, but not hilarlously, for life was too much of a bore just then, to make any great effort.

'Carrington, you're a brute to remind us of that now," said one. "We're like that eld chap in mythology who lived in a pect of water, in an unmentionable lo cality, and though dying of thirst couldn't get a drop. We're all entitled to such Juxurfes, but--

"No hops, no suppers, no girls, no nothin'," drawled Carrington. Brining toyed with a spoon while h

looked acrors at the speaker. "How about Demain?" he asked. An amused smile-a look that resembled a faint show of interest-spread over the

faces of the men. Carrington looked annoyed. "Can't you let that little girl from Gas-

cony rest?" he demanded shortly. "Oh, yes, we can," said Brining significantly. "The question is, can you? What would you have me do-ignore

her entirely? She's awfully lonely stranded way off here in this God forsaken country, and-and bother it all, she's so confoundedly pretty!" "That's all very well," said Bringing.

seriously, "but did it ever occur to your | men who wore the officer's stripes; but fordship that what is only a pleasant little diversion for you may be real to her?" An anxious look crept into Carrington's | Col. Randolpth Fairfax, of the Eleventh. grey eyes; they were good eyes, clear and late of Fairfax county, Virginia. and steadfast. "I here not," he said, Therefore, he sway was undisputed and

slowly. "I should be sorry to think I had " he paused doubtfully, but Johnson finished the sentence for him. "Heart," be said.

Carrington meant what he said, but somehow he had grown so accustomed to stopping about his collars and cuffs (he de glances from the officers and the men clared no one could restore them to their that followed her; and she sang in a wonpristine purity like this little French girl, derful contralto voice that set one's blood to the chagrir of Mrs. McGuire, the cor- boiling, while she laughed softly and a poral's wife, and a former blanchisseuse little scornfully herself. The upshot of fer the regiment) that when he took his the whole thing was that the Eleventh ride next day it seemed but a matter of fell head over heels in love with hercourse that he should draw rein before desperately, in the regular army fashion, and Currington was the hardest hit of the low roofed, whitewashed cottage.

It may have been the soft glow of the | all; but if Miss Fairfax had any preferdying sunset, clear and cold and beau- ence she was too much of a woman of tiful even in that far northwestern cli- the world to show it. Educated abroad, mate, or the scent of the flowers that she had the finesse that only foreign culgrew so luxuriously and yet looked so ture can give, and after her school days strangely out of place in that barren were over and she had come back to her soil; or perhaps it was the sight of a father, she had traveled with him from girl's slender figure standing in the low the colds of Alaska to the heat of Florida. doorway, shading her eyes, that recalled to him so vividly the first evening | was in love; not boyishly, not sentimenthe had seen it all. That had only been ally, but genuinely in love with that deep. two months ago, and but a few weeks abiding affection that a man gives but after he had been ordered from Fortress Monroe. He had gone out riding; he father, sisters, brother officers, paled; was hot and dusty and very thirsty, and this spot of flowering ground, with the green thatched cottage in the midst, had seemed a veritable oasis in this particularly cheericas desert. He had rarely paused now, for he was never drawn rein, dismounted, and holding his alone. Once he stopped, and Miss Fairbridle over his arm, had paused to say fax shook hands with the girl. She had a few courteous words to the girl who been kind and had tried to draw her out, brought him the tin cup filled to the brim but Bebe had been unresponsive. with the cool, sparkling liquid.

He had not stayed long, but it was long men of the Eleventh saw in her to adenough to notice the quaint garb and mire, and Carrington began to wonder, quainter speech, the sun kissed hair and too. He never saw the shadows deepenshining teeth, and the eyes that belled ing in her eyes, and no longer missed her the smiling face-deep, unfathomable, smile of welcome or her voice, low and dark, and full of shadows. He recalled musical, with its quaint accent, that had them when he had gone, and they seemed once questioned: to haunt and follow him. The memory of them led him, three days later, to seek their owner again.

That was the beginning. He meant no had been a hard one and very long, and harm. Her pretty manners and foreign the heart wounds had been many, but at speech attracted him. He was always last the victor had entered in, and—the deferential, he never forgot that he was engagement had been announced. The the horse without a word and lay on the an officer and a gentleman. Once he gave men of the Eleventh went about doleher one of his shining military buttons, fully, easting longing glances toward and had smiled at her almost childish beadquarters, and occasionally slapping near pleasure at the gift. He did not realize Carrington on the back with the assurthat this strange young creature was more | ance that he was "a lucky dog-confoundwoman than child. Another time, just edly lucky," and Carrington, laughing once, a week ago, he raised her small happily, said that he thought so, too. hand to his lips and kissed it, slowly, with a touch of the old chivalry he had inherited from his Carolinian forefathers. sips, Johnson took a long puff at his The silence all around her was pro-That was all. No, he had meant no cigar and gased dreamily up at the found. harm. He had meant nothing more than rafters. friendliness; a tribute to her sex. He had not seen the girl's mysterious even dilate and darken strangely at his touch; bravely spurred selves even down to our could not. One of the men thrust a flask he had not heard the throbbing of that guilant men and our fleet-footed Ethlo- into Carrington's hands. He moistened passionate heart; he never dreamed that the woman's soul had been awakened then. lance as Jim-and has been herself con-

Little by little he had drawn her out. In quered by our worthless, pig-headed, perher soft, musical voice she told of her old severing brother-in-arms-" life in Gascony, and he, attracted by a amidst the general laugh, Johnson found nameless charm, would linger there and time to recover breath. Carrington interlisten, and when after a while he would rise to go she would raise those shadowed eyes to his and question: 'Demain?'

It was thus she had received her name Would an officer ask when he might hope for clean linen she would shrug her pretty shoulders, throw out her hands, palms uppermost, and with an anxious, quesing glance, answer:

Should they enquire when her mother with and it looks suspiciously as if we and herself hoped to earn enough to take them back to Gascony they knew the laughing answer was sure to be: burst of eloquence he stopped, blew the

"Je no sais pas, monsieur; peut-etre de-

"Serious?" asked Carrington, laconic

The laughter was hushed; the buzz of ight conversation had ceased; the lancuor of the men had vanished. "I think it likely."

said another, significantly. He was at

ike the devil down at the reservation.

old-timer, and an anxious look crept into

ils eyes. "Those Sloux are cutting up

What's up?" It was Johnson's voice. "That hot-headed Osconwichita is kick ing against the Government supplies and xciting the tribe to such a pitch that

Worthington thinks it means trouble." The men of the Eleventh sat silent Worthington had lived among the reds since a child, and knew their language and religion as his own; their good points and their bad. What Worthington said

"What's the colonel going to do?" asked

"Lay low, probably, until Osconwichita gives the sign," answered the veteran, an he rose and walked out of the room. The officers glanged at each other, and in the face of the young lieutenant, fresh

from the Point, was an eager, excited

ock as if he longed to throw off this inactivity and be doing. Far into the night they sat and talked of Osconwichita and the expected outbreak that night and the day to come but when after a week had passed and they had vainly waited for the sign, they told themselves that for once Worthing ton has missed his bearings, but Worth ington, brown and short and keen eyed

said not a word and kept his cat-like One afternoon, while crossing the parade grounds, Carrington saw Miss Fair fax's horse standing bridled and saddled before the colonel's door. He frowned, paused, and waited for her to come out

"Elizabeth," he remonstrated, when he caught sight of the tall, well-proportioned figure in the close-fitting riding habit, "you are surely not going out alone." The words were half a question half an assertion, wholly a protest. "I most certainly am," replied Miss Fairfax. "There is absolutely no danger. You know perfectly well I did it long cers' paradise, and the goal toward which before-before I let you come with me. Carrington smiled anxiously.

"Yes," he admitted, "but this rumo bout the Sloux-

"Is only a rumor," interrupted the

"I hope so; but, Elizabeth, in case of trouble, take Jim," begged her lover. I'm on outy and can't get off, but I can't bear you should be riding around with a Western drawl and a gessiping the country just now without excert."

Miss Fairfax laughed. "Jim!" she said a little scornfully. "Much good Jim would do me if we were pursued. Why his old horse couldn't touch Ladybird in speed."

"But he could come for help. Then, too, he can have my mare. If you won't have him." Carrington added hastily, as Miss Fairfax shook her head, "ask one of the fellows to go with you-Johnson, for instance

"You wouldn't have suggested that a month ago, Captain Carrington. No, since I can't have your own attractive and elevating society, I prefer to go without any-all of which shows what a model sweetheart I am." And before he could say another word she was mounted and galloping down the read. She turned once in her saddle and waved her hand reassuringly to him, where he stood, tall and dark and still, watching her disappear Amazon, with a devil-may-care air of suwith troubled eyes; and she blew him a kiss from the tip of her gauntlet and made a charming mone at him, and borne to him the sound of her wild, free laugh-

> Afternoon sank into twilight, twilight melted into dusk, and the moon rosstruggling behind a bank of clouds. Still Miss Fairfax did not return.

The colonel, Carrington, and Johnson stood impatiently on the veranda of headquarters and discussed the advisability of sending out a search party, when suddenly there reached them a familiar neigh. "Ladybird!" cried Carrington, in infinite

relief. The officers waited expectantly, but no horse or rider came. There was a confused murmur of voices, and then above all other sounds there rose a girl's treble, passionate, piercing, sweet,

"Ne touchez pas! I must see ze colonel or ze Capitaine Carrington right away!

White and gilent and of one accord the three officers strode in the direction of the

"Regardez! I have mademoiselle's horse ze Ladybird He run away; ze Indians have la belle Americaine!

Every word came clear and distinct to Carrington's ears. Objects grew black to him as from a great distance he saw an orderly with white stricken face run toward them. As in a dream he followed to the other gate, where stood Ladybird, with dilated nostrils and foam-flecked body quivering with excitement. On her back was huddled a wild-eyed, haggard little figure, with torn dress, bleeding hands, and disheveled hair. Could this

Carrington strode forward.

"Demain?" he cried. At the sound of his voice the girl's term of passion ceased. She allipped from ground, quiet, still. Carrington bent over her. The men of the Eleventh crowded

"Demain," he said, and he wondered that his voice could be so calm; "Demain, what does this mean?"

She sat up and pressed one hand to One evening after mess they were her eyes, as if to recall all the frightful drinking his health and hers. Between details, and began to speak brokenly.

"I go in ze woods four miles from home. I tres fatigee and rest on a seen and conquered all our gold-laced, stone-" She paused, tried to go on, but her lips and she smiled wanty.

"Yes?" he said in a low, ter Demain went on with an effort "I hear a noise in ze bushes. I see one two red devils creep out. Zey vait for

closed her eyes wearily. Carrington bent over her. "Demain?" be called; "Demain?" She opened those mysterious eyes, dark

mademoiselle a little vay off-

with pain and shadows, and looked at "But Ladybird-where did you find

tions are being monopolized by our her?" "Monateur, I not near enough to varn mademoiselle. She not ace them hiding. She rides into them. I hear a scream from mademoiselle. One ties hopeless ones were about to return to her arms and lifts her to his horse, and zen goes for to catch ze Ladybird, but she shies, and mey gallop away; ah, so smoke out of his mouth, and studied his fast, without her! I creep out and soothe ze Ladybird, and 1 climb up-Hely Mother! I know not how, and she his nesty work. The old cat paid dearly

vith me. I stay In. I come here. Ze Ladybird, she go like ze wind, but 1 hold on-see my habds!" Again she paused.

"Oh, God, I do seet! Oh, Demain! Oh, Elizabeth!" Carrington struggled to his feet and looked appealingly toward the colone! He was already giving orders. Troopers were running hither and thither. The excitement was intense; the neighing of horses, the clanking of spurs, the highpitched voices of the men. The colonel looked around anxiously.

Where is Lieutenant Worthington?" "Here, sir!"

"Good; you are just the man I needlevel head, cool judgment! What's your idea of this? What have they taken the woman for?" "I believe to put us off the scent, sir,

They're still in a frenzy over the supply

"You think-" the commander paused. "I think they want to force our hand, To take our greater number for the rescue party, then to attack the fort and kill every last man of us-as only they can kill." The deep scar on Worthington's left cheek stood out grimly as if it would

prove the truth of what he said. "I believe you've struck it, Heutenant. shall act on your suggestion and be pre-

Worthington saluted

An orderly rushed up, scarcely waiting for the formal salutation "Communication with town impossible,

sir. Telegraph wires have been cut, sir," he panted.

The colonel's white face grew whiter as he made a quick calculation. A messenger on the fastest horse in the garrison could not reach the outlying town and procure additional help in time, even supposing he could make the ride undetained by a hostile Indian band. It was a hopeless mission, and but meant certain death to the man who attempted it. Besides, every life was doubly precious now, and every strong arm needed as it had never been needed before. There was no help to be hoped for from outside. The Eleventh must fight it out alone and prove the stuff t was made of.

Carrington, who had been leaning over Demain, rose and faced his commander. "You will let me go in the search party, Colonel Fairfax?" he asked. "Inac-

tion would drive me mad." "Of course, captain." The voice was that of the superior officer; the eyes the eyes of a father.

"But the direction?" suggested Johnson "True," said Worthington.

The colonel bent over Demain. "Tell me, dear child," he said, "do you know what road they took?"

Demain rose slowly to her feet. "I live here four-near five years," the girl said simply. "I know ze Sioux. I friend vid ze daughter of Black Hawk. know ze vay. You might miss it. I go to show it to you," he said,

"Impossible! It would kill ber!" cried

The French girl furned her eyes to him leflantly. Then they wandered quickly from one to the other of the group of officers around her until they had sought out, and having found rested on Colonel Fairfax She spoke clearly, convincingly, determinedly. She spoke to him.

"She tells me all ze sceret vays of all her father's people. Once I vas good to her and nurse her when she very sick. Zare is one vay eight miles from my house. By ze road it is fourteen. I once promise never to tell, but"-here her eyes for a moment wandered to Carringon-'but now, ze bon Dieu mean me to Ze vay you know, it will be guarded, is it not so?" she paused.

ahead and never told. "Yes," said the colonel. It was as though the admission of the truth she the blessings that came to her, the picspoke was wrung from him. ture of that homeward ride would force 'You men miss it. Captaine Carrington

itself upon her memory. Once more she miss it. Zey be killed." Her voice broke watched the dawn breaking in the east, for an instant, "I show zem. I vill go" its cold grey light falling on the faces of "It's certan death to the child," said the men near and the pallid one of Bebe. Johnson, below his breath. Once more she saw that cavalcade slowly moving onward; once more she heard the

If she heard him she did not let him know by even the faintest quiver of an evelld that she had done so. "I go!" she repeated firmly.

And go she did. Carrington placed her in front of him, on his own swift horse, and while one hand guided the reins the other held her close

Bebe closed her eyes and-lived. On, on they went, that little band with white faces and set lips; on, leaving the post far behind, and the Spartan grey-haired father in command; on, with his broken blessing: "Go, and may God go with you all!" ringing in their ears; on, over endless miles of barren waste, while the hours flew by as fast as they; on, on, Carrington ahead; on, on, led by Demain!

Neck to neck their horses rangeweating. scaked with foam urged on, sworn at, cajoled, and spurred by men to whom this ride meant the saving of a woman's honor -a woman's life, even at the risk of theirs.

The night grew blacker. They could carcely see their horses' heads, but the hoof-beats rang out loud and clear and rapid. Still, on they went, waiting for the little figure in the van to give the sign.

Demain's voice rose clear above the noise, was heard by the officers behind, and was re-echoed down the line, and the men of the Eleventh paused.

Throwing their bridles to the waiting orderlies, they stealthily but unquestioningly followed her as she led them over proofes, across fallen trees, by patches of dark waste, where strange fantastic shadows lingered, to the Indian camp.

voice grew graver and more sad, he A brief halt for preparation; the figure counted off to them as he would have of an Indian brave lying stark and still; read a roll the names of those who a girl lifting triumphant eyes to the night would henceforth no longer answer for heavens; a fierce shout; a charge; creams, groans, curses, and pistol shots making foul the sig; men's voices sharp in command; men's voices sharp in death; a fiercer onslaught; a proud woman, sobof Honor" came, they were at the gate bing with relief, gently led away to safety; to meet it, and silently escorted it to a burning wigwam; the faces of both savheadquarters, and stood around without age and Christian gleaming fiercely in its word while Johnson dismounted and took from Elizabeth Fairfax the little figure bright light; and then-oh, God! then, above it all, a cry as of a wild bird hurt breathing faintly still, and placed it in to death-a girl's voice, agonizing, shrill, the colonel's outstretched arms-a gill and sweet. The vision of a little figure to the Eleventh. lying on the ground, and above it the form of Osconwichita, standing tall and

thatched cottage. She had begged so dark like an avenging demonhard that it might be so that MacKenn Alas for Bebe! No not alas, but, rather, had at last reluctantly given his consent. happy Bebe; for in that moment she felt "In a way it can't nurt ber," he said, the presence of a strong man's nearness but I fear it will hasten the end. as Carrington lifted her in his arms and Johnson heard him. laid the tired, pallid face against his The end? Then-then, you think there breast. His eyes were misty, but he

tion, for he stole up unawares and d'd

little girl?

im on the arm.

isn't any hope?" turned to the men sharply. "Not the slightest," said MacKenna, "In the name of all that's holy, why And so Demain had been taken home didn't some one see to the safety of this

She had left Miss Fairfaxs own dainty room, where she had been placed; its Johnson went up to him and touched snowy bed and fine linen, with a gladness strange to those who watched her, but "Tried to," he said, "but Osconnot strange to Demain. She had smiled wichita must have caught sight of her when she had seen the reses and the vines and suspected who gave the informaand the whitewashed walls of home.

for his treachery?" He glanced sig- ing an orderly, who had been stationed at nificantly at his Colt, and then at his the little cottage in case of immediate feet, where a dark, rigid figure grasped need, galloped up to the post for Macin death a temahawk. His drawn face Kanna. He had been expecting the sum Kanna. He had been expecting the sumand wide staring eyes, even war paint mons and was off at once. When be returned the officers were at mess. He rode "You never did a better bit of work."

and the night shadows could not hide.

that MacKenna is found immediately. Tell

me, she isn't dead?" he added, anxiously.

Johnson bent over the limp figure in his

arms, that moved slightly, as though ever

in that death-like sleep she had felt the

"Bebe?" Johnson whispered gently,

The eyelids quivered for a moment, but

did not open, and the breath came in low,

fluttering gasps. He bore her away and

left her to MacKenna's watchful care

The surgeon's strong, grave face grew

Carrington, whose heart was filled with

beth's release; whose soul grew sick

when he remembered Bebe's white, strick

Half an hour later Troop A of the Elev

enth had turned their horses' heads in the direction of the post. Carrington forced

them into a gallop. There was no know-

ing when the attack on the fort had been

As the moments were themselves away

ie began to fear that both horses and

men would give out before they reached

the garrison. The firing had been hard

with them, but it might be still harder

with those there, since, as he surmised

Osconwichita had probably resigned the

leadership of the attack to his son, Black

Hawk-a red who combined the advantage

of his father's cunning without the added

have thought that an Indian would at-

dead and wounded, and fifteen troopers-

"Bebe's Guard of Honor," they called it-

to escort the woman home. Miss Fairfax

sat with set lips and dry eyes, but her

cheeks were as white as Bebe's own as

den she had ordered placed in her arms.

Now and again her strong hold strength-

ened; now and again she crushed the

girl's still head so close to her own breast

that it would seem as though the beating

of that fluttering heart beat must be still

ed. And she had dared to wonder what

the men of the Eleventh had seen in her!

Oh, God, in the proud assurance of her

Near her rode Johnson. By turning her

head ever so slightly she could distin-

guish the shadowy outline of men bearing

silent forms. A great overpowering full

ness rose up in her throat and choked her.

Eight men had paid the price of her res-

hurt, and two others could not live, she

one of them. His first fight had been his

last, and he was handing over his sword,

the insignia of his service and his rank,

In one of the brief halts for rest, in one

hoof-beats of Carrington's horse, growing

faint and fainter still; once more there

came to her the echo, in the far distance,

of that chant, weird, strange, and wild

the death song that the Indians sing

The attack on the fort had been made

three hours before. The struggle was

fierce and the men of the Eleventh were

hard pressed. In vain they strained their

ears for a sound of Troop A. The minutes

dragged. The firing became sharper. One

tired, homesick trooper fell, gallantly de-

fending the north gate, and was "mus-

tered out" by God. The commarder,

heartsick and weary, raised his eyes to

the east, where faint streaks of light were

As if in answer, there broke across

the silence of the plains, clear and loud

and fraught with hope, the sound of a

cavalry bugle. The men heard it, and

it was like clixir to their souls. Black

'Mid cheers and prayers the great

gate was opened, and Carrington and

his men entered in. He raised his hand,

and silence absolute fell upon those

And so in the early morning, while

the sun rose over that far Northwestern

post, in his grave voice, he told them of

the night of darkness and of the fight

how Miss Fairfax had been rescues

(here he smiled a little), and of Oscon-

wichita's death. And then, while his

He told

were bringing home.

"Guard of Honor," and the burden they

Bebe had been taken back to the low

This was two days later. Toward even-

Three hours later, when that "Guard

"How long, ch, Lord, how long?"

seen, and gronned

there.

above their fallen braves.

to his superior.

own power she had so dared!

made, and how urgent was the need!

ransfer from Carrington to him.

graver as he bent over her.

the white feather.

weight of years.

tempt a night raid!"

Bebe \*\*\*

straight up to Carrington. said Carrington. "Here, old chap, take "Richard," he said, laying his band on this child. I've got to go back to the the other's shoulder. men. Carry her to the rear and ses

Carrington looked up quickly, questionng, in the face above him

MacKenna nedded. "Yes," he said, "she's dying-can't last

the night. She wants to see you. I came for you myself." Carrington rose. The men pressed key to that mysterious Holy of Holies? around, expressing their sympathy.

"No; let him go alone," said Maccap "and Carrington," he added, looking straight at the other, his voice calm, but his eyes strangely dim, "remember she saved the life of the woman you love, be-kind."

thankfulness when he thought of Eliza-Carrington nodded. Outside he me Elizabeth, who had heard the news, and nsisted on going with him.

en, upturned face, went back to his com "She need not see me, unless she wants to," she said "but I want to be The worst was over. The reds, hear near. Some girl, you know-some girl ing of Osconwichita's death, soon showed of her own age."

Together they went. Demain was sitting propped up in bed. There was an expectant look on her white face, which every little while she turned oward the door. Suddenly she gave a quick cry. Her mother, who was sitting near, glanced up. On the threshold stood Carrington and Miss Fairfax. Demain covered her eyes with her hands

"Non, non," she monned, "pas elle. told le bon docteur only mousieur!"

Her mother tried to soothe her. Miss Fairfax's face were a look of infinite pity. "Go to her," she said to Carrington, and then she drew back. The mother went in search of her, leaving the two alone together. Carrington sat down on the edge of the little bed and took Bebe's "These devils are never to be counted hand.

on," he muttered, as he urged his horse "Demain?" he said, softly. "Cherle?" forward. "What man among us would Bebe smiled. If she had ever had any doubt as to God's goodness or the exist ence of Paradise, it vanished then for-He had left MacKenna, Johnson, the

"Cherie," he said, trying to speak cheerfully, "you must try to get well. The men of the Eleventh call you their Jeanne d'Arc."

Bebe smiled again. She was too weal she looked down at the unconscious burto talk just then; weak from coming death, from present happiness. Presently alle spoke. "Oul; male, monsleur, Jeanne d'Arc

> died-have I got to die, too?" Carrington caught his breath hard. If only Elizabeth or his sweet-faced mother in the far-away South were here, or even Johnson or MacKenna! He was brave enough to face Osconwichita and his tribe, but this- What was he to say? Something, he knew, since Bebe was regarding him with appealing, questioning

"Little one." he said slowly, to gain time, "what did le bon docteur say?" "I ask him. He say, with such a cue with their lives, three more had been fun-nee look in his eyes, zat I go home soon. Did le bon docteur mean to Gashad heard McKenna say. The "kid" of the regiment, fresh from the Point, was "Bebe," said Carrington, with a

queer catch in his voice, "don't you think don't you believe that heaven is more beautiful than Gascony?" Bebe looked up quickly. Something in Carrington's voice told her the truth.

of the times Johnson relieved her of her She turned her face to the wall and shudburden, she dismounted and went over to dered. him. When she straightened herself, in "Out monsieur, but, oh, the grave, the spite of the darkness, an orderly saw her ground-it is so dark-so cold! And oh. draw the army cape over the lad's face monsieur, ze wrath of God and-hell!" silently, and the orderly looked stoically Carrington leaned over her. He was In all the after years, in the midst of all

awkward way. "Demain," he said, soothingly, "they will never put you in the ground. Think,

cherie, how brave Jeanne d'Arc was; think she saved France, and you, cherie, saved-us. "Zey will hide me away," Bebe's plain-

tive voice went on "avay from you."

to have aged ten years in the last hour-'my child, try to believe there is no darkness, only light, where you are goingno night, no hell," No hell?" said Bebe slowly. "No

She paused a moment and a smile stole

over her face. Ze holy father, he say-mais, monsiour,

"My child," said Carrington-he seemed

know." Heresy? Who shall say it, poor benighted mortals that we are? What priest or creed shall place within our hands the

"Tell me, Demain," Carrington said, after a pause, thinking to divert her Kenna, when Johnson reached for his thoughts, "why did you cry out when you saw la belle Americaine? She loves you.

She wants to thank you--" Demain raised berself on one arm. Her cheeks were flushed now, and into her yours, and the men of the Eleventh, and dark eyes crept the old shadows and a strange, new light. She interrupted him

passionately. "Non, non, I hate her-la belle Ameri-

"But, Demain," said Carrington, shocked; "you placed yourself in danger to save her life."

"Out, her life-parceque you love her. Zen your life-and ze lives of ze men of ze Eleventh." A great light broke over Carrington

"Demain," he cried, drawing the thin little hand to his lips, "Bebe, cherie oh, Demain, and it was for that!" Demain closed her eyes and smiled

"Monsieur?" she said, hesitatingly,

"Yes, Demain." She looked at him, that strange light still in her eyes.

"Monsieur, will you-will you-kiss me

Carrington stooped and kissed her or the forehead. "Non, non, monsieur, not that-but as

you kiss her. Ah, monsieur, if you but knew-fust once!" Carrington's eyes rested on the doorvay. Elizabeth stood there. He could not read her face but he bent and kissed Demain on the lips, once-twice. When he

looked again the figure in the doorway "And, monsieur, just another little favor. Ob, monsieur, say but a little prayer. I do not vant ze holy father zey have ent for, but just one little prayer from

Carrington looked distressed. "Demain," he said gently, "I don't belleve I can.

-" She paused, gasping for breath.

"Oh, oui, monsieur-just a little one!" Carrington knelt down by the little white bed.

"Father," he began; then something in his throat seemed to choke him and he paused. "Father, give to us, the men of the Eleventh, and to all Thy human children, wherever they may be, the courage and the love that have made this short life divine. Take her to Thyself-here the voice faltered a little-"and give her rest and peace; and may she find with Thee-love, for which she sacrificed

her life. Amen. He rose, and seeing how exhausted she was started to ro, but she detained him a little longer. Then, when he had bidden her good-night, and had turned in the doorway to wave his hand at her

she raised herself and smiled, and questioned: "Demain?" But for Bebe tomorrow never came. When the men of the Eleventh saw her next she lay resting on her pillow in that sleep so mysterious and profound that no living sage has ever read its meaning. not quite sure whether he believed all The wild throbbing of that passionate he said to Bebe that day; but he did beart was stilled; the lips, half parted in know that he tried to give her comfort a wistful smile, were mute, and the white, blue-veined lids were closed over eyes where shadows would never more abide. Long they lingured there, marveling at the new, strange dignity death had given to the face they knew so well, and they saluted as to a fallen comrade in arms Then the men of the Eleventh turned and left her-slumbering still .- Maud Howard

## CURRENT HUMOR

Peterson.

"The hig liner Jamaica with a thousand passengers and \$6,000,000 in gold, is ten nche, so you can't go to school, ch? vens! think of the interest that

will be lost.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Love Dies. "She will probably get tired of him when they have been married a year. he's got more money than no; he's got Brooklyn Life.

Still Hope.

The woman who has to wear a bonnet two seasons old may get some consolution you for a story?" asked the latest interfrom the news that at her coronation next | viewer. Hawk heard it, too, and realizing that June Queen Alexandra will wear the crown worn by Mary of Modena, the consort of the day was lost, fled with his followers | Wo n by

No Need of Prayer. Deacon Ebony-I hab not seen you at ough revival meetin's, Mistah Black. | Chicago Chronicle. Mistah Black-Wot foh I want ob re

vival meetin's? 'Don't you ebber pray?" carry or rabbit's foot."-New

York Weekly.

In China. A story is told of a physician in China who had m smanaged a case, whereupon the indignant family seized him and tled him up, but in the night he managed to free himself and escaped by swimming | in the Meade trial, consisting of the abila river, which cut off pursuit. When he ity of the subject to go up a flight of reached home he found his son, who had st begun to study medicine, poring over his books. He wrung out his wet clothes, and, turning to the student, said gravely, "My son, don't be in a hurry with your oks; the first and most important thing burg Dispatch.

### In the Dark.

Mother-That young man has been callng on you pretty regularly, Mabel. Mahel-Yes mother.

Mother-Well, I'd like to know what his mentions are. Do you know? Mabel (blushing)-Well, er-mamma, are both very much in the dark.-Philadelphia Press.

### Sound to Win.

A singular competition is reported beween two Italians who have devoted their blence to collecting editions of the titvine Comedies." One had discovered 214 editions, and his rival the same num-ber, but, deformined not to be beaten, the latter had a 215th edition specially set up end printed in Paris, taking care that only one copy of it was printed.—Chicago

"Mr. Boobleby isn't very popular, is

"No. fewer friends than a fat men in a crowd-ed street car."—Harper's Bazar,

Mrs. Borerum-You have got a headguess I will have to give you a dose of castor oil. Willie Borerum (weakening — Ma, d-don't you think Christian science would do?—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Price. A well-known novelist had become thoroughly tired of being interviewed for the press, and decided to "choke off" the next man who dared to ply bim with imperti-

nent questions. "What was the highest price ever paid "Three hundred thousand pounds?" re-plied the man of books. "And it was paid me for only three words."

How do you mean?" enquired the puzried young man.
"I love you' were the words. I told them to the lady who is now my wife."—

A Fatal Question. He (playfully)-How old are you. Miss

Browne? She-I cannot tell a lie. I-He-Oh, if that is the case, I will not take a mean advantage of you. I with-draw the question.—Stray Stories.

### Where the Trouble Lies.

The new test of intoxication suggested stairs, is not conclusive. Plenty of jovial benedicts know that the difficulty is not in the power to climb the stairs, but the doubt as to the reception which awaits them when the stairs are elimbed.-Pitta

"Pa," said Mrs. Methusalem to the oldest of his race, "I wish you'd speak to Abimelech. He's been pulling Bildad's hair again."

"Lemme see," queth the patriarch, now old is 'Bim new?" "He's 246 his nex' birthday."

# "Well, you must make allowances for th' boy, ma. He's young yit."- Cleveland Plain Dealer.

the leg, and I want to know what you are going to do about it." Lambley-"Oh, I sha'n't do anything unless the deg should come down with some disease. In that come down with some disease. In that case, of course, I shall hold you responsible."-Boston Transcript.

housewives keep their cooks by treating them as equals." Eustacia-"Oh, it's too inte, Edgar, too inte; cook wouldn't recognize me as her equal if I gave her a 'tea' every afternoon in the week."—Detroit Free Press.

All in the Point of View. Hotlick-"Your dog bit me last night in

Edgar-"In Chicago, Eustacia, the